1:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1948)1960
OF7 Balinese OF7

in the east. To the southeast of central Bali lies the arid island Nusa Pĕnida, which the Balinese simply call Nusa, 'the island'. At the extreme southern point of Bali is a limestone peninsula which the early Dutch named the Varkenshoek, or 'pig's point', and the Balinese speak of as Bukit, 'the hill'.

To the north of the mountain range lies the region of Buleleng, for the southern Balinese Den Bukit, 'the land north of the mountains'. The narrow coastal strip, which quickly merges into steep foothills, is closed off to the west by the region of Cape Pulaki, the realm of the Invisible Ones of Pulaki, for a traditional Bulelengese the end of his world. Only since a decade ago has there been a roadway going past Pulaki to the west. In Buleleng the mountains run down close to the sea, creating a sharp contrast. The contrast in central Bali is less sharp, but there also the mountain chain dominates the whole highlands and from many a place in the mountains one can see the Indian Ocean glistening in the sun.

The easternmost region of Bali, Karangasĕm, lies to the northeast, east, and south of Gunung Agung, hence for the most part outside the mountain range. Politically it was sometimes oriented more towards the island of Lombok, lying to the east of it, than towards central Bali. Most of the earlier Balinese overlords on Lombok stemmed from Karangasĕm, and the same is probably also true of the Balinese colonists there. In 1930 the Balinese community on Lombok numbered a bit under thirty thousand five hundred persons.[2] For 1948 the figure of forty thousand has been given.[3]

Not only Jĕmbrana was isolated in the old days: contacts between central Bali and the land north of the mountains were also difficult. Moreover the lay of the land in the central Balinese highlands is such that it is easier to travel from south to north than from east to west. Roads and paths from the southern coast northwards are fairly straight and unobstructed, mounting gradually at first, and then at a sharper incline. But if one goes, for example, to the northeast or the northwest from Den Pasar (the chief town in southern Bali, located on the southern spur of the

1:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1958) 1960
OF7 Balinese OF7

island), the road makes its way from one ravine to another in many twists and turns. It was no doubt partly as a result of this topography that no central authority was ever able to maintain itself on Bali with ease. The central Balinese highlands were traditionally divided into five practically independent principalities lying side by side: Tabanan, Mĕngwi (which was vanquished and gobbled up by its neighbours in 1891), Badung, Gianyar, and Klungkung.

Bali was known of old for its rather inaccessible coasts. There were only a few good places for ships to lie at anchor, and the peninsula of Bukit seems to have been a dangerous point to circumnavigate.

2

The People of Bali

There are no recent detailed demographic data for Bali. For such figures one must go back to the last census held in Indonesia, that of 1930. In the 1954 registration for the general elections the concern was of course only to obtain certain general figures regarding the number of Indonesian citizens on the island. Unfortunately the figures are not completely comparable to those for 1930. The census gave the total number of inhabitants, broken down according to country of origin, whereas the 1954 figures give the total number of inhabitants of Indonesian origin plus the number (not yet made available) of others, Asians and Europeans, who had become Indonesian citizens.

The figures for 1954 for the separate regions and for Bali as a whole[4] are given in Table 1, with those for 1930 added for purposes of comparison.[5]

Table 2 gives a few figures for the whole island in 1920[6] and 1930 as regards population groups.

The total population of Indonesian origin can be broken down according to ethnic origin into Balinese and Indonesians from elsewhere; the Balinese, in turn, can be broken down according to religion into 'Bali Hindu' (the term for the adherents of the

l:Franken et al M, G-5 (ca. 1913-1958) 1960
OF7 Balinese OF7

Chapter One

The Village and the Villagers

On the highway linking the Balinese capital Den Pasar with the seat of the regent of Karangasĕm, the small village of Nyuhtĕbĕl lies two miles to the west of the steep slope of Mount Bugbug, and from there a poorly maintained country road runs northwards to the valley communities of Pasĕdahan and Tĕnganan Pĕgĕringsingan. Few people realize that that insignificant road leads to a world full of curiosities and mysteries, a world of relics from earlier ages, albeit that the past they represent is not so inexorably dead as that of the treasures from the Egyptian valley of the kings.

On his very arrival at Pasĕdahan the visitor experiences the pleasant sensation that there is much here which is different from elsewhere. A square pile of stones with a *mĕnur* – a crown-shaped stone decoration in which the one person detects a stylized *lingga*, the other a flower bud – at each corner is pointed out as the general place of worship for the village, under the name of *bĕdugul* (elsewhere the name of a *subak* temple). On being asked where the *bale agung* (the offering pavilion of a village, and often also its assembly hall) is, the surprised villager answers, "Gone, vanished into the air". The foundations are still to be found, however, overgrown with weeds.

Though from the map one obtains the impression that the two villages practically form one solid unit, it is not possible to go to Tĕnganan Pĕgĕringsingan *via* Pasĕdahan, since a ravine separates them.[1] Instead one has to bypass the residential villages and follow the eastern hill path (from where the houses can be seen lying in the valley), go through a wooden gateway (to be distinguished from the *desa* gates), and then descend in a westerly direction to Tĕnganan Pĕgĕringsingan.

2: Covarrubias R-5 (1930-1933) 1938
OF7 Bali OF7

to each household by a raised doorstep of rough stones. In front of every gate is a stone bridge, or, simpler still, a section of coconut tree trunk to ford the deep irrigation ditch that runs invariably along both sides of the road.

A simple village consists of family compounds, each completely surrounded by walls, lined on each side of a wide well-built avenue that runs in the direction of the cardinal points; from the mountain to the sea, the Balinese equivalent to our "north" and "south." The villages grew as they spread in these directions, and the Dutch had only to pave the main streets and extend them through the ricefields to obtain the five-hundred-mile net of automobile roads that covers this small island.

The Balinese, being still essentially pedestrians, took good care to shade the roads with large trees, and every morning and every evening one sees the people in the streets, men going to work nonchalantly beating rhythms on their agricultural implements, or returning from the fields overloaded with sheaves of rice heavy with grain. Poised women come and go with great loads or shiny black clay pots on their heads. If it happens to be market day in the village, at dawn the roads are crowded with husky people from the near-by villages who come to sell their produce — piles of coconuts, bananas, or vegetables, pottery, mats, baskets, and so forth — carrying on their heads even the table that serves as a stand. If there is a feast in the village temple, the people parade in yellow, green, and magenta silks with fantastic pyramids of fruit and flowers, offerings to the gods, in a pageant that would have made Diaghilev turn green with envy.

Naked children play at the gates by the bell-shaped baskets where the fighting cocks are kept. Each morning the baskets are lined out on the street so that the roosters may enjoy the spectacle of people passing by. Small boys wearing only oversize sun-hats drive the enormous water-buffaloes, which in Bali appear in two colours, a dark muddy grey, and a pale, almost transparent pink, an albino variety. A water-buffalo will not hesitate to attack a tiger; their ponderous calm and their gigantic horns are awe-